

“You think this was a copycat?”

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/23170273) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/23170273>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter , Will Graham , Jack Crawford , Beverly Katz , Brian Zeller , Jimmy Price
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Murder , The Minnesota Shrike , Hannibal Lecter is a Cannibal , Hannibal Lecter is the Chesapeake Ripper , Will Graham Knows , Will Graham is a Cannibal , Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham , Will Graham Loves Hannibal Lecter , Possessive Behavior , Possessive Hannibal Lecter , Possessive Will Graham , Murder Husbands , Sex , Anal Sex , Age Difference , The Copycat Killer
Language:	English
Series:	Part 14 of Hannibal Lecter Pairings , Part 13 of Will Graham Pairings , Part 13 of Mine , Part 19 of Hannibal Extended Universe
Stats:	Published: 2020-03-16 Words: 840 Chapters: 1/1

“You think this was a copycat?”

by [Tina908](#)

Summary

The copycat's first victim.

-That bastard! He wasn't mocking them! He was mocking Will!-

Hannibal is 48 and Will is 36

Notes

As always a little friendly reminder that English is not my first language and therefore there will be mistakes.

In case you didn't read the tags you need to be aware that there is going to be sex in this story. Not a lot and not that explicit but it's there.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“Mmmh, yeah, right there. fuck.” Will let out a throaty moan when Hannibal snapped his hips hard forward. “Hannibal pull out, I want to ride you.”

Hannibal did as he was told and pulled out from the tight heat of Will’s beautiful ass before moving to stretch out on his back beside Will who was still laying on his stomach without showing any signs of moving.

“Is it already time for a nap, Mažasis? I thought you wanted to ride me.” Hannibal asked teasingly.

“Shut up, we’ve been doing this for hours. I’m only taking a few seconds of breath.” Will answered as he pushed himself up onto all fours and moved to place himself across Hannibal’s thighs.

Just as Will sunk back onto Hannibal’s cock a phone began to ring. “Nooo, not now.” Will whined before he sighed and pulled himself back off Hannibal’s cock.

“Hannibal, where’s my pants?” Will asked, looking around the room trying to remember where he had taken them off.

“In the hallway I believe.” Hannibal answered. He was still laying in bed with his arms behind his head and his still hard cock between his legs as he watched Will move around. Well, more specifically he was watching Will’s ass as his husband went around, looking for his pants.

Will finally found his pants halfway down the hall towards the stairs. He pulled his phone out of his pocket and looked at the name of the caller before sighing again.

“This better be important Jack, I was in the middle of something.” Will said when he answered the call.

“I need you to come to Minnesota and look at a body. Your plane leaves in an hour.” Jack answered before he hung up.

Will frowned at his phone before he let out another sigh and turned back towards the bedroom.

“The stag head was reported stolen last night a mile from here.” Jack said as he came over to where Will was standing in the field.

“Just the head?” Will asked as he studied the scenario before him. Jack nodded in answer.

“Minnesota Homicide’s already made a statement. They’re calling him the Minnesota Shrike.” Jack said.

“Like the bird?” Will asked and looked at Jack.

“Shrike’s is a perching bird. It impales mice and lizards on thorny branches and barbed wire. Rips their organs right out their bodies, puts them in a little birdie pantry and eats them later.” Jimmy told them as they made their way over to the body.

“I can’t tell whether it’s sloppy or shrewd.” Jack answered.

“He wanted her found this way.” Will said thoughtfully. “It’s... it’s petulant. I almost feel like he’s mocking her.” Will studied the body for a few more seconds. “Or... he’s mocking us.”

“Where did all his love go?” Jack asked as he bent down a little to get a closer look too.

“Whoever tucked Elise Nichols into bed didn’t paint this picture.” Will told him.

“He took her lungs. I’m pretty sure she was alive when he cut ‘em out.” Brian said and Will looked up at him surprised. *Lungs... Hannibal served lungs last night... he cut them out while she was alive... the Minnesota Shrike wouldn’t have done that...* Suddenly Will realized what had been right in front of his eyes the whole time.

That bastard! He wasn’t mocking them! He was mocking Will!

“Our Cannibal loves women. He doesn’t want to destroy them, he wants to consume them, to keep some part of them inside. This girl’s killer thought that she was a pig.” Will said. *He had been so stupid! And now Hannibal had won the first round of a game Will hadn’t even realized they were playing!*

Will got up from where he had been squatting on the field and turned around towards his car. “You think this was a copycat?” Jack asked.

Well not exactly a copycat, but he couldn’t really tell Jack that his husband had killed this girl to mock Will for being too slow in profiling the real killer.

“The cannibal who killed Elise Nichols had a place to do it and no interest in... field kabuki. He has a house, or two, or a cabin, something with an antler room.” Will said as he stopped walking and turned towards the others again. “He has a daughter. Same age as the other girls. Same hair color, same eye color, same height, same weight.”

He had been so stupid! He couldn’t believe that Hannibal had had to make a copycat kill before Will realized that!

“She’s an only child. She’s leaving home. He can’t stand the thought of losing her... She’s his golden ticket.” Will continued as he turned around to again start walking to his car.

“What about the copycat?” Jack called behind him.

“An intelligent psychopath, particularly a sadist, very hard to catch. There’s no motive, no patterns. He may never kill like this again.” Will answered over his shoulder.

Will really hated to lose these games. He was going to kill his husband!

End Notes

Thank you for the read! I hope you enjoyed it <3

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!